

# Good Morning 723

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Your Letter said R.S.V.P. HEBENTON Replies

FIRST reply of the day is for the Gentlemen of the Leading Seamen's Mess of H.M. Submarine Sibyl. Thanks for the addresses, we will get around to see your wives and sweethearts before many moons have passed, fellows, and if you watch your "Good Morning" closely you will see the result.

I don't know whether there is any support in other submarines for your idea of a "Daddies' Column."

If there is we shall have to do something about it.

I sincerely hope that nobody loses tots over the sports queries you sent. By now, you should have received the answers through the post, and I only hope the loser is not gunning for me.

Don't forget to let me know the size of that camera, and I will see whether I can do something about a film.

What I mean is that I will pass the request on to our photographic genius, Shorty Wilson, for him to do his best.

IF Signalman Sam Lawton, of Trident, reads this he will know what I mean when I say thanks for keeping up the good work now that Ron Richards is busy with other things. It certainly is good to hear that he has the welfare of "Good Morning" at heart.

When you get back to this side of the water, I expect we can have a chat on things in general and submarines in particular. We might even mention family stories!

SORRY you couldn't make it in time for Ron Richards' big event, Lieutenant Bob Menzies. You certainly missed something which was right up your street—the elbow lifting part which followed.

Glad to hear your news and views, especially that you are likely to be around this way soon.

We might get together and recall the episode at the Connaught Rooms. Here's to more like it!

IT seems that "H.M. Submarine" hat-bands are scarce in the Submarine Service, judging by the letter from Stoker W. T. Blunden, of United.

I'm looking around, fellows, but these are not the easiest of things to obtain about these

parts. However, I'll keep looking and let you know.

THIS is specially for Pincher Martin on Clyde. I have sent your letter on to our Southampton correspondent, and I trust he will be writing to you some day soon.

I don't know about that drink, but if he is anything like the staff here, I am sure he will welcome the suggestion.

I hope you are corresponding regularly with the pen-friend, but I shouldn't rush things too much if I were you. You never can tell how people may take things. The rest of the



"Er, Stoker Symington's just become a father, sir!"

staff have asked me to return your best wishes, and I should just add that I will be looking forward to that drink.

THANKS for those addresses A.B. Fred Yates. We will be getting round to the places you mention very shortly and we will drop in on your family and family-to-be.

You are not the first to tell me that your morale is kept high by our pin-ups, so it seems there must be something in the business.

I'll have to try it sometime. A new batch is on the way, but if it's Constance Moore you want in particular, then I will see what I can do. Keep your eyes open for more of Moore.

Your suggestion about the records seems very sound, although after a talk with the Editor it was decided that to publish a list of all the new records that are issued would take more space than we could spare.

However, if it is possible we will publish from time to time a review of the latest. We must get together sometime and have a talk on this subject.

ANOTHER address that has been added to our lists is one in Oldham, that means something to A.B. Ray Rostron, of Statesman. I can assure you, Ray, that if I call there myself I will remember to give that message to your girl friend.

If my name happens to be missing from these columns for a few weeks, you'll know I didn't duck fast enough!

And thanks for your kind words about the paper and the staff. They return your best wishes in full.

Through fortunate chance and far-sighted planning Chester has had more of its ancient beauties preserved than any other city in England, writes D. N. K. BAGNALL. It has all the machinery of a progressive town: yet, at heart, it is medieval.

I WAS surprised when I came to Chester; surprised that I had not been there before.

In the course of my travels by road and by rail, I suppose I have visited, at least once, every notable town and city in England and Wales. Many of them are old friends; others (I will not name them) I try to avoid as much as possible. But all are known, to a lesser or greater degree.

So it came to me with something of a shock, as I drove along the road from Whitchurch, through charming villages lying in a countryside of level meadows populated by stolid cows and seductive lanes that go wriggling about like drunk snakes, to realise that I was approaching a very famous place which, until now, I had missed.

"Why," I said to myself, "This is an adventure. I can see Chester—and die: my education completed."

It was a last moment decision, the taking of that road instead of going the direct route to Liverpool, where I was to meet people who had crossed the Atlantic. And never was my belief that last moment decisions are the best more notably vindicated.

I knew it as I came into the city through Boughton, and along The Bars and Foregate Street to East Gate, noticing the occasional timbered houses, and seeing before me the four-storeyed towers of the Gate, with its great clock. Having parked my car I set out to view the city on foot and by tram, sensing there were great things before me.

### OLD, YET NEW.

Chester is unique. Through fortunate chance and far-sighted planning it has had more of its ancient beauties preserved than any other city in England. Modern buildings are in its streets; modern industries are carried on within its bounds (though almost entirely without its city wall); it has an active air; it has all the machinery of a progressive city: yet at heart, it is medieval. You cannot escape this fact in any one of its streets.

To walk down Bridge Street and Lower Bridge Street to the Dee, with its picturesque bridge, is to enjoy as fascinating an assortment of ancient buildings as it is possible to find anywhere.



Apart from old timbered houses, leaning crazily out over the pavement, there are four lovely old inns—the "Blue Post Inn," the "Falcon Inn," the "Old King's Head," and the "Bear and Billet"—three ancient churches, the house where King Charles the First slept before and after the battle of Rowton Moor; and a Roman bath.

If that is not enough to satisfy the appetite of seekers of old things, they must be insatiable. Yet it is like that all over Chester.

There is the "Boot Inn" and a 14th century crypt in Eastgate Street; another venerable crypt, "The Yacht Inn" and timbered houses in Watergate Street; the "Pied Bull," an old coaching house, and the "Old Blue Bell" in Northgate Street—and so on.

But what gives the city its old-time appearance more than anything else are "The Rows."

They are the only thing of their kind in the British Isles. They make the main streets the most entrancing shopping streets in the country.

They are long arcades overhung by the top storeys of old houses and passing through their ground floors so that you walk along a covered way the full length of the streets. These unique footpaths have short flights of steps at frequent intervals down to the roadways, and there are sometimes shops and warehouses beneath them.

As I walked along them I praised the men who in some distant age had created them and pondered why they had been built and why they had not been copied in other towns

and cities. Nobody knows just why they were made, though one theory is that they were intended to give the advantage to the people of the city in street fighting.

For the Welsh, at the northern gateway into whose country Chester stands, were inclined to make looting raids on the old city.

Having impressed my mind with these delightful things, I set out to discover the old medieval walls of the city. This was not difficult. For Chester is the only city in Britain that has its medieval walls intact.

Unless you are to old or infirm, you are expected, as a visitor to the place, to walk along them. Some people are content to follow them for a short distance between the towers that punctuate them: others manfully plod round until they find some excuse for getting back into the streets; a few tramp the complete circuit—a very few. I was not one.

It is a curious walk, along the top of these sandstone walls built many hundreds of years ago as a defence against enemies. Now, instead of scanning the countryside for possible foes, you lean on the parapet, or rest your hands on the rail to look down on a not inspiring view of back gardens or, without the wall, factories and works.

### BALL FOR KING.

I got as far as King Charles' Tower. It was here that that unfortunate monarch stood on a September morning in 1645 and watched his army beaten in battle.

He went on to the Cathedral,

I did not reach the Wishing Steps. These are a long flight of stone steps where the visitor is invited to run up, down and up again and then wish. I left this pleasure to some other day. Despite all these storied remains, Chester is not yet satisfied.

Even now they are digging below the foundations of buildings and streets in the neighbourhood of the Town Hall to find the western wall of the Roman citadel which once stood there.

For Chester was, of course, a Roman stronghold. Where the Cheshire Regiment has its headquarters in the Castle were once the men of the Legions, condemned to spend many years in the barbaric outpost of their Empire—Britain.

After all this I found the Cathedral less interesting than I had expected. For one thing it has been extensively restored. What struck me most was the remarkable carving of the choir stalls, and I was not surprised, later, to learn they are considered some of the best in the country.

At the corner of Watergate Street and Northgate Street stands the ancient church of St. Peter. At one time, sanctuary was given to criminals fleeing justice for one month at Midsummer and Michaelmas, and a glove was hung at the church to indicate this.

Now the Law deals with offenders with the gloves off.

Every Chester man, and people from the countryside in which it stands, knows Roodee, the traditional sports ground of the city by the River Dee. It got its name when men of Hawarden, some five miles from Chester, sacrilegiously threw a large wooden cross into the river. It was rescued when it floated down to Chester.

Several miracles were attributed to it. In later years it was taken by the schoolmaster of the city's grammar school and used as a whipping block for his unruly scholars. They got so tired of this that they burned it.

It is easy enough to become submerged in Chester—not by the Dee, with its fleet of passenger-carrying motor boats and launches (not to mention its salmon)—but beneath the weight of its storied past. But though it is steeped in history, it has many industries, and has its mind on the future as well as the past.

## Mr. Toots contrives to say it

MISS Dombey, I beg your pardon," says Mr. Toots, in a sad fluster, "but if you will allow me to—"

The smiling and unconscious look of Florence brings him to a dead stop.

"If you will allow me to—if you would not consider it a liberty, Miss Dombey, if I was to—without any encouragement at all, if I was to hope, you know," says Mr. Toots.

Florence looks at him inquiringly.

"Miss Dombey," says Mr. Toots, who feels that he is for it now, "I really am in that state of adoration of you that I don't know what to do with myself."

I am the most deplorable wretch. If it wasn't at the corner of the friend to me, and I do like you so much": and here the ingenuous Square at present, I should go down on my knees, and beg and face smiles upon him with the pleasantest look of honesty in the world: "that I am sure you are only going to say good-bye."

"Certainly, Miss Dombey," says Mr. Toots, "I—I—that's exactly what I mean. It is of no consequence."

"Good-bye!" cried Florence. "Good-bye, Miss Dombey!"

stammers Mr. Toots. "I hope you won't think anything about it. It's—it's of no consequence, thank you. It's not of the least consequence in the world."

reason to like you for being a good friend to me, and I do like you so much": and here the ingenuous Square at present, I should go down on my knees, and beg and face smiles upon him with the pleasantest look of honesty in the world: "that I am sure you are only going to say good-bye."

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"Good-bye!" cried Florence. "Good-bye, Miss Dombey!" stammers Mr. Toots. "I hope you won't think anything about it. It's—it's of no consequence, thank you. It's not of the least consequence in the world."

Charles Dickens (1812-1870).  
From "Dombey and Son."

Raspberries  
are our  
favourite  
fruit.

So write and tell us  
what you really think  
about

"GOOD MORNING"

Address:  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# Concluding SYLVESTER'S SIXTH SENSE

"WHERE are the spades and in the hope that he would last shipping seas which had to be things?" demanded Abbot. longer than Abbot; so Abbot baled out with a tin mug. Some- "I dropped them overboard. I decided to hoard also. He watched times they were pelted with rain water over the side of the boat and let it hang wrist deep. A tiny ripple wove round his arm. Sylvester closely. Sylvester picked up a nut, balanced it in his palm, then rolled heads to find that there were but two coconuts in the boat. They were the last of the heap beside Sylvester. Abbot had eaten all his. Sylvester raised himself from the bows and laboriously counted the number of scratches he had made on the bulwarks with a piece of coconut shell. "Forty-one," he answered. "We've beat the Trevesa's record. I told you it could be done." "We can't last." "Perhaps." "You still think you will see Susanne?" "Yes." "Fool! We are lost. We are dying. We are off the track." "There is still a chance." "What chance?" "A chance for a man who knows."

It was an eloquent answer. If they were adrift a long time, Sylvester knew Abbot would attack. They were on equal terms now, no weapons on board. From that moment on they rarely spoke to each other.

They had been drifting ten days when Abbot threw overboard the last can which had contained beans, and reached his hand out for a nut.

There were then about half the cargo of nuts left in the bottom of the boat.

Sylvester, the next day, counted the nuts, and divided them into two heaps. Abbot watched him curiously, with bloodshot eyes.

Sylvester took one heap to the bows. Without a word Abbot took the other.

All that day Abbot watched his companion. Into his suspicious brain there had come an idea that Sylvester was hoarding his share and the boat rolled a good deal,

The latter cut down his ration to one nut per day. Abbot followed his lead.

The days came and went, and the little heaps of nuts grew smaller by one every twenty-four hours.

Sylvester never slept unless he was sure Abbot was asleep also; and even then he slept with one eye open. His silence and impassive attitude puzzled Abbot and irritated him.

Between them there had grown up a strange subconscious understanding. Abbot knew that Sylvester would not attack him. He knew that he could trust Sylvester.

And he knew that Sylvester could not trust him.

From the fierce rays of the sun they protected themselves with small awnings torn from the bales of cotton and stretched across the boat.

Sometimes the breeze freshened and the boat rolled a good deal,

It was then they had their second last conversation, and it was Abbot who spoke first.

"How many days?" he asked feebly.

Both were pitiful sights. Their faces and bodies were blistered, their strength was failing, their voices were weak and mumbling. Sylvester raised himself from the bows and laboriously counted the number of scratches he had made on the bulwarks with a piece of coconut shell.

"Forty-one," he answered. "We've beat the Trevesa's record. I told you it could be done." "We can't last." "Perhaps." "You still think you will see Susanne?" "Yes." "Fool! We are lost. We are dying. We are off the track." "There is still a chance." "What chance?" "A chance for a man who knows."

Abbot gazed with bloodshot eyes at Sylvester, trying to read what was in the latter's mind.

"I know what you mean, Sylvester. I have heard of such things. You figure to kill me—" "You are killing yourself." "How?"

"By losing hope. Look!" He plunged his hand into the water over the side of the boat and let it hang wrist deep. A tiny ripple wove round his arm. "What do you mean, Sylvester?" "Look!"

Abbot looked at the dangling hand and the bare, skinny arm of his rival. Presently he laughed.

"You are mad," he said. "I see nothing. You are dreaming things. That is a sure sign of the end."

"You don't see anything, Abbot?" "No."

Sylvester withdrew his hand and took a small piece of coconut shell and began to make a sum of figures on the gunwale. He worked feebly, for his strength was ebbing and it was difficult to bring his brain to a task in the state in which they now were.

Presently he ceased to figure and lay back exhausted. "If only we had rain," he muttered.

The day passed once more and the night of agony began. This night, however, was different from those which had preceded it.

As if in answer to Sylvester's prayer, rain came. It came in a tropical deluge, stinging them pitilessly while it refreshed them.

They roused from their weak, gabbled condition and stretched Susanne. There is no land. No out their hands, clutching at the thing.

He stood swaying with the roll of the boat, shielding his face from the burning sun.

"It is you or me, Sylvester." And he launched himself at his rival with a cry like that of a beast.

They fought feebly, like two dawn broke it passed, leaving gaunt children devoid of strength. Tahiti, some days later, saw a small them alone with a few inches of Sylvester pushed him away.

water swilling about their feet. They slept that day and into the next night. They awoke to more heat. More days came and went; days of delirium and horror.

Hunger began to gnaw at them. Their brains reeled at the constant sight of sea and sky. The burning heat of the sun broiled them.

Abbot kept his weary eyes on Sylvester, watching him lie for hours with his hand trailing in the sea.

He wondered what Sylvester did this for. Was he hiding food? Was he trailing something under the bows of the boat? He watched cunningly, suspiciously, with the instinct of the animal in him. Yet when Sylvester raised his hand out of the sea he brought nothing with it.

On the fiftieth day Sylvester peered over the bows, shading his eyes with his hand, muttering to himself. Abbot lay in the bottom of the boat watching him as usual.

"What are you saying?" he mumbled through his swollen lips. "We should be near land."

"What land?" "Susanne."

He put his hand over the bows and let it lie in the sea once more. The action irritated Abbot beyond words. He rose and crawled towards the bows, murder in his eyes.

"You want to taunt me," he gabbled. "You will never see cracked condition and stretched Susanne. There is no land. No out their hands, clutching at the thing."

He stood swaying with the roll of the boat, shielding his face from the burning sun.

"It is you or me, Sylvester." And he launched himself at his rival with a cry like that of a beast.

They fought feebly, like two dawn broke it passed, leaving gaunt children devoid of strength. Tahiti, some days later, saw a small them alone with a few inches of Sylvester pushed him away.

Well, as always it was the man who understood the Sea who won, and broke the record for an open boat's trip.

"Don't be a fool, Abbot. There is still a chance."

"What chance?" "The sea. It saves those who know it."

He did not understand what Sylvester meant, his brain could no longer take in the meaning. "You are hiding something from me, Sylvester. You are trailing something."

He sprang forward again, blindly this time, expecting to find some food trailing under the bows.

Sylvester saw him lean over dangerously while his hand groped for the rope he believed was there.

He found the rope, the cut tow-rope which had trailed since the night he had severed it from the cutter. He hauled at it exhaustedly, gurgling words which had no meaning. In his eagerness he bent over until only his legs were in the boat; too far over.

Sylvester saw him slide across the gunwale, the weight of the wet rope dragging him into the sea. He entered without a splash.

Sylvester saw him come up astern, then disappear into the depths.

"The fool," he muttered. He crouched in the bows, his chin over the edge, watching. All day he sat thus, and all night. He might have been carved into stone so fixed was his gaze.

Some fishers off the coast of Tahiti, some days later, saw a small them alone with a few inches of Sylvester pushed him away.

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the difference between cobra and copra?

2. If you subscribed to the N.S.P.C.C., what would you be supporting?

3. What does "Burgh" mean in town-names like Edinburgh?

4. The Authorised Version of the Bible was published in: 1411, 1511, 1611, 1711?

5. How many minims (or Greenwich; others are East.

drops) are there in a teaspoonful?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Short, Tall, Stout, Viscid, Small, Thick.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 722

1. Stalactite grows downwards; stalagmite grows upwards.

2. British Overseas Airways Corporation.

3. Brook or stream.

4. About 1-7th mile (250 yards).

5. 1521.

6. Brighton is West of

## People are Queer

A GOVERNMENT typist who worked on White Papers during the war nearly fainted when she reckoned up, in round figures, the amount of key-tapping she had done.

"Less than twelve of us," she said, "have typed at least 30 miles of lines. 202,800 commas, 389,160 dots, 135,500 dashes, 94,710 brackets, and 80,000 asterisks."

Well, I suppose that means about 15,000 cups of tea for the girls and about 20,000,000,000 drops of sweat from the White-Papered public.

WE all have our dreams—things we would do if we had the money, or the time, or the chance. Or all three.

Victor Joyce, liftman in a large London store, dreamed of the countryside. The thousands of shoppers he carried from the ground floor to the fourth floor, and down again, may have wondered what a man with a monotonous job like that thought about.

Well, Victor Joyce was thinking, as like as not, about that little cottage he longed for, and a pony and trap to drive along the lanes.

It never got farther than a dream, until one day he picked up a newspaper and saw his name in it. It was an advertisement asking Victor Joyce to contact solicitors in connection with the death of cousins in a buzz-bomb incident at Westbourne Park.

He answered the advert, and found he had been left £3,000.

He's 73, is Victor. He has bought that pony and cart, and is looking for that country cottage. His dream came true pretty late in life, but he's young enough for the new adventure, and Harwood Road, Fulham, won't see him much longer.

I DON'T suppose John Wand, whatever his boyhood dreams may have been, ever imagined he would one day be Bishop of London. Son of a Grantham (Lincs) grocer, he went to an elementary school in the town, where he did so well that he gained a scholarship to Oxford.

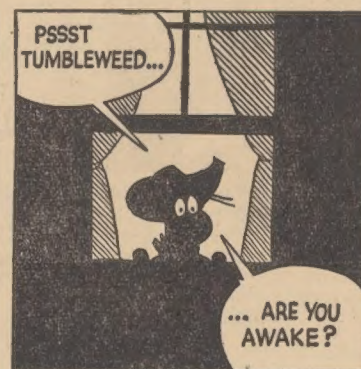
After that he took holy orders, and eventually became Archbishop of Brisbane, Australia.

In 1943 he came back to England and was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. His Palace was so big that he only used a very small part of it and he found there were priceless stained-glass windows, not only in the main rooms, but even in the lavatories.

The stained glass was built in centuries ago, and the lavatories were installed in modern times.

D.N.K.B.

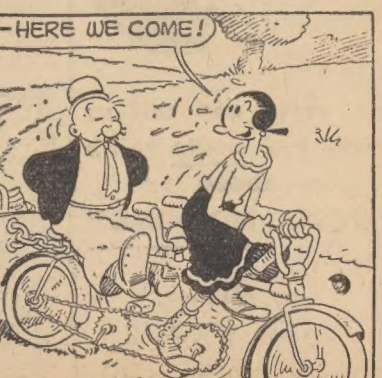
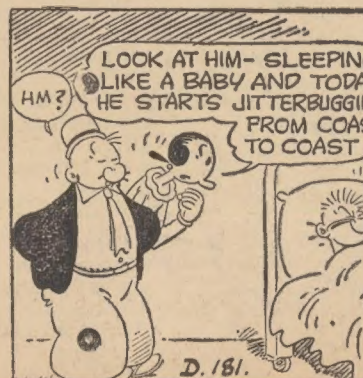
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





SYLVESTER'S SIXTH SENSE

(Continued from Page 2)

"You can call it a sixth sense if you like," he said, "but it's not every man who could have worked out a calculation on the gunwale and been so confident in the Great Equatorial Current that sets dead for Tahiti at an average rate of ten miles per day, flowing from east to west. Gambol through the crowd and touched his face, calling his name gently. He smiled up at her.

"Abbot, the fool," he said, "did not know that the sea was bringing me to you, Susanne; not even when I showed him the ripples against my wrist. The sea kills those who do not know it well."

It was White, the skipper of the cutter, who unravelled the strange words when he arrived next day from a long search for the missing boat. He spent a long time alone with Sylvester.

"He figured he could last just about sixty days; and if Abbot had known how to skim the small crustaceans off the algae that clung to the floating tow-rope he would have lived, too."

"Susanne, I'd like to be best man at your wedding. I'll never argue with Sylvester again. He's great."

"I know," murmured Susanne, smiling confidently. "He said he would come to Tahiti."

THE END

Eating Through the Centuries

LEAN years followed the days of plenty. During the first half of the nineteenth century the poorer people in town and country fell back on bread as the chief, and sometimes only, table fare. Meat and beer were luxuries, seldom tasted.

Even as late as 1842, potatoes and porridge were all that the poor of the towns could get.

They were to be seen searching refuse for potato peelings, rotten vegetables and other waste to keep themselves from starvation. They sought to stave off the craving of their stomachs with strong tea, which was drunk in huge quantities.

Things got better in the second half of the century. New methods of transport, new devices for preserving food, faster travel on the sea-ways, greater knowledge of science and the advance of industrialism enabled the farm-labourer and town worker to buy an increasing number of foods.

Even in the early years, the skilled artisan was not badly off. He could afford some meat and a good supply of vegetables, and could get cheap and satisfying meals at eating houses.

Veal and ham pie, pickled salmon and stewed eels were favourite dishes.

Of course, in the worst years, the well-to-do had nothing lacking at their tables.

The latter years of the century saw a revolution in the national menu of all classes. Canned foods came on the market, condensed milk, chilled meat from abroad, fresher fish, dried soups and vegetables, margarine, self-raising flour, bottled beer, pumpkins, vegetable marrows—all these in turn appeared to add variety.

Victorian matrons blushed at being offered tomatoes. There was a belief (quite unfounded) that they roused the passions: indeed, they were called "love apples."

Champagne went to the heads of the gay sparks of the cities, and they drank the new-fangled soda waters to cure the hang-over.

Treacle—black and with a tang—became popular, especially in the North. It was cheap and tasty. Bread, butter, oatmeal, bacon, treacle, tea and coffee was the almost exclusive fare of the industrial workers of the large cities. Cheap jams, containing little real fruit, were in great demand.

In all ages there had been unscrupulous people willing to make money by adulterating foodstuffs.

But between 1800 and 1850 the practice increased so much that many thousands of people suffered permanent damage to their health.

Alum was put into bread, lead went into cider and wine, plaster of Paris got into flour, chalk and flour was mixed into milk.

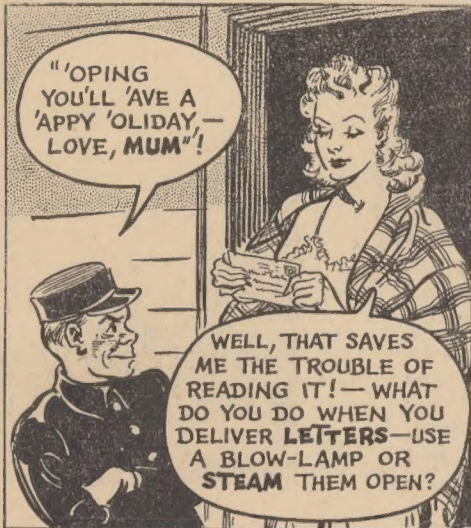
Wangling Words No. 662

1. Behead a mirror and get its owner.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—shofoil sewi dupon nynec.
3. What word meaning to "cogitate" can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The hair on his — is a foot long if it's an —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 661

1. W-eight.
2. A still tongue makes a wise head.
3. TAINT.
4. Recasts, actress.

JANE



VERY HOT AIR

THE first Spitfire Squadrons of the Royal Indian Air Force of Eastern Air Command have recently been in action against the Japs on the Arakan front. Flying Spitfire VIII fighters, the squadrons have already chalked up their first kills.

SHOWING obvious German influence in design are the new "piloted rocket bomb" missiles used by Japanese bombers against U.S. troops at Okinawa. Bombs were launched from underside of Jap bombers, directed by radio to target.

LATEST Spitfire to be publicised, the Mk. XVI fighter-bomber, is evolved from the Mk. IX. Has clipped wings, Merlin 266 engine, and mounts two 250lb. bombs, two 20 m.m. cannon, and two .50in. machine-guns.

CIVIL aviation is rearing its drowsy head. The trial flight of the first U.S.-Spain airline service is being held shortly. The first Lancastrian (modified Lancaster bomber) arrived in Auckland. New Zealand, from London recently, the vanguard of the new London-Auckland air service to be started soon.

P. V.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

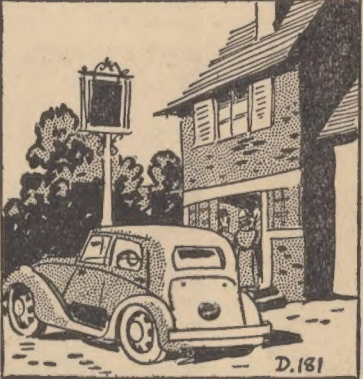
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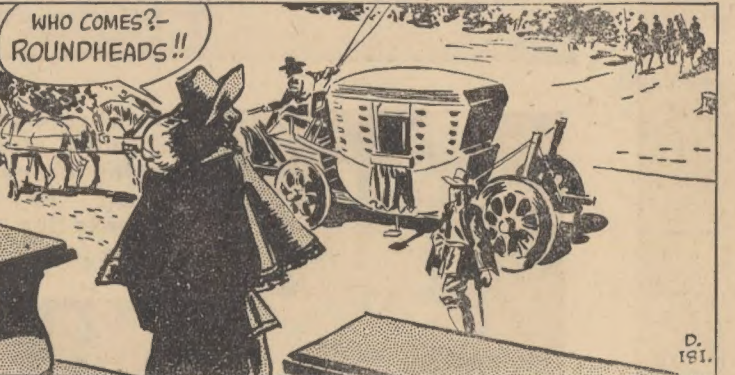
CLUES ACROSS.—2 Weeding tool. 5 Deer. 9 Fish. 11 Old country. 13 Mellow. 14 Custody. 15 Draws out. 17 Moreover. 18 Tree. 19 Lovely place. 21 Kent town. 23 Continued. 25 Blows. 28 Friend. 29 Outcast. 31 Obliquely. 33 Pit. 34 Sprinkler. 35 Gaelic. 36 Stone power. 37. Cautious.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Long letter. 2 Savoury. 3 Go before. 4 Soil. 5 Edge. 6 Cross. 7 Silk fabric. 8 Wainscot. 10 Eminence. 12 Entreat. 16 Pressing. 20 Musician. 22 Dozing. 23 Iraq port. 24 Girl's name. 26 Sprite. 27 Marsh land. 28 Stuff. 30 Cook. 32 Say further.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



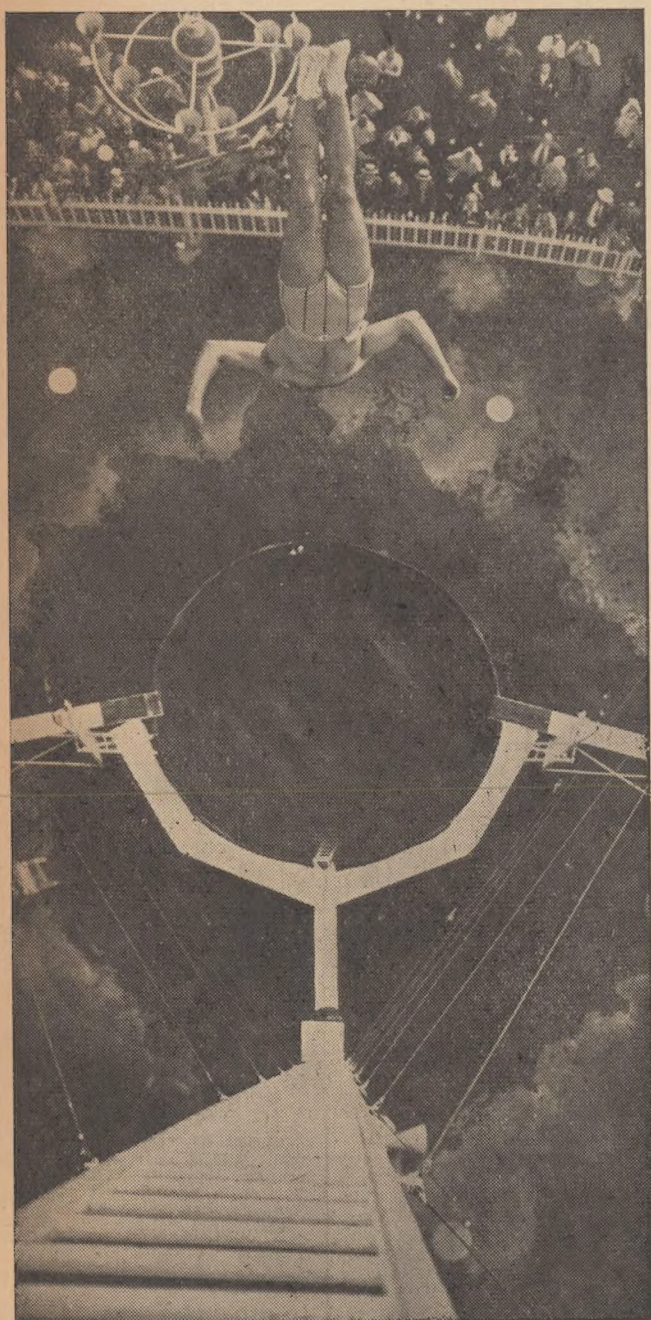




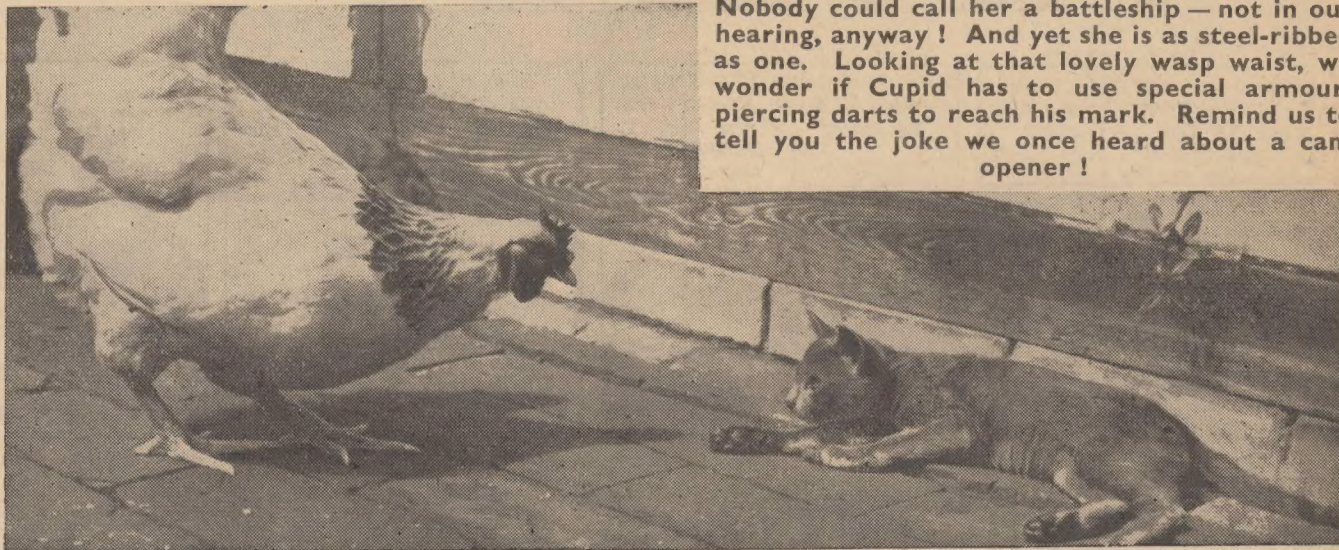
★ **BONNIE SCOTLAND.** Hundreds of feet above the smiling valley of the Tay, on its rocky eminence, stands the grim ruins of Kinnoull Castle. Unfortunately, the Art Bloke has cut out the "grim ruins." Lack of soul, that's the trouble with him!



**ARMOUR-PLATED LOVELY.** Nobody could call her a battleship — not in our hearing, anyway! And yet she is as steel-ribbed as one. Looking at that lovely wasp waist, we wonder if Cupid has to use special armour-piercing darts to reach his mark. Remind us to tell you the joke we once heard about a can-opener!



**GOING OFF THE SHALLOW END!** Six foot of water is not much depth to land in, when you've come 122 feet, now, is it? You don't think it is, neither do we, and neither does this high-diver. And he's had fifteen years to think about it — three times a day.



We've heard so often about "cock and bull" stories that it's a refreshing change to find a "hen and cat" one! Trouble is, this one looks like being mighty short. Bet the feathers and fur fly while it lasts!



**CHOOSE YOUR OWN TITLE.** The office-boy suggested "Waiting for the Smacks." He was just back from the seaside. Somebody suggested, "Cheeky Lassie"—he had just seen Tommy Trinder. The office drunk mumbled, "Bottoms Up"—and we couldn't think of a better crack!